

Liberty of Cooking

by Ann Bogle

Donald Barthelme's "Cooking With the American Canned Good" is not in *The Teachings of Don B.*, as I had recalled. Nor is Pynchon's description of D.B.'s weighing and measuring short forms in his backyard lean-to.

My mother found me cooking without heat, one evening around six, using only canned goods, D.B.'s excellent article at hand. I chose nine cans for my trial dish. I cleaned and stacked them, marring levelness with the stove. Deaf, dumb, and blind—I stooped to hear, where dumb means mute. Reserve canned goods, she lipped to me, advertise in moderation. Deplete no food without present hunger. My dish was *slut* ("all done" in Swedish). It tasted good though aroused no draft, of mutton, for example. My grandparents' bed held flat. I filed alone, in realist kitchen, reading Froeding, standing, striding, continent as gym. "Oh, laws!" my mother suddenly said.

Gathering, meeting, affordable eating, characteristic of that graduate class. Friendship.

My Three Studies with Can Contents (1984-1985) are typed in goose formation of the following words:

CAN

canticle

candid

cancer

ash can

Candy

candle

Canada

canteen
candor
pelican
canto
Canterbury
cannelloni
candelabra
candescent
cantaloupe
can-can
cantankerous
cannabis
cannibal
canker
cane sugar
canter
canyon
cant
cannon
canvas
canoe
canny
Cantonese
canopy
cantata
decanter
American
canal
scandal
candy bar
can too
can you too

